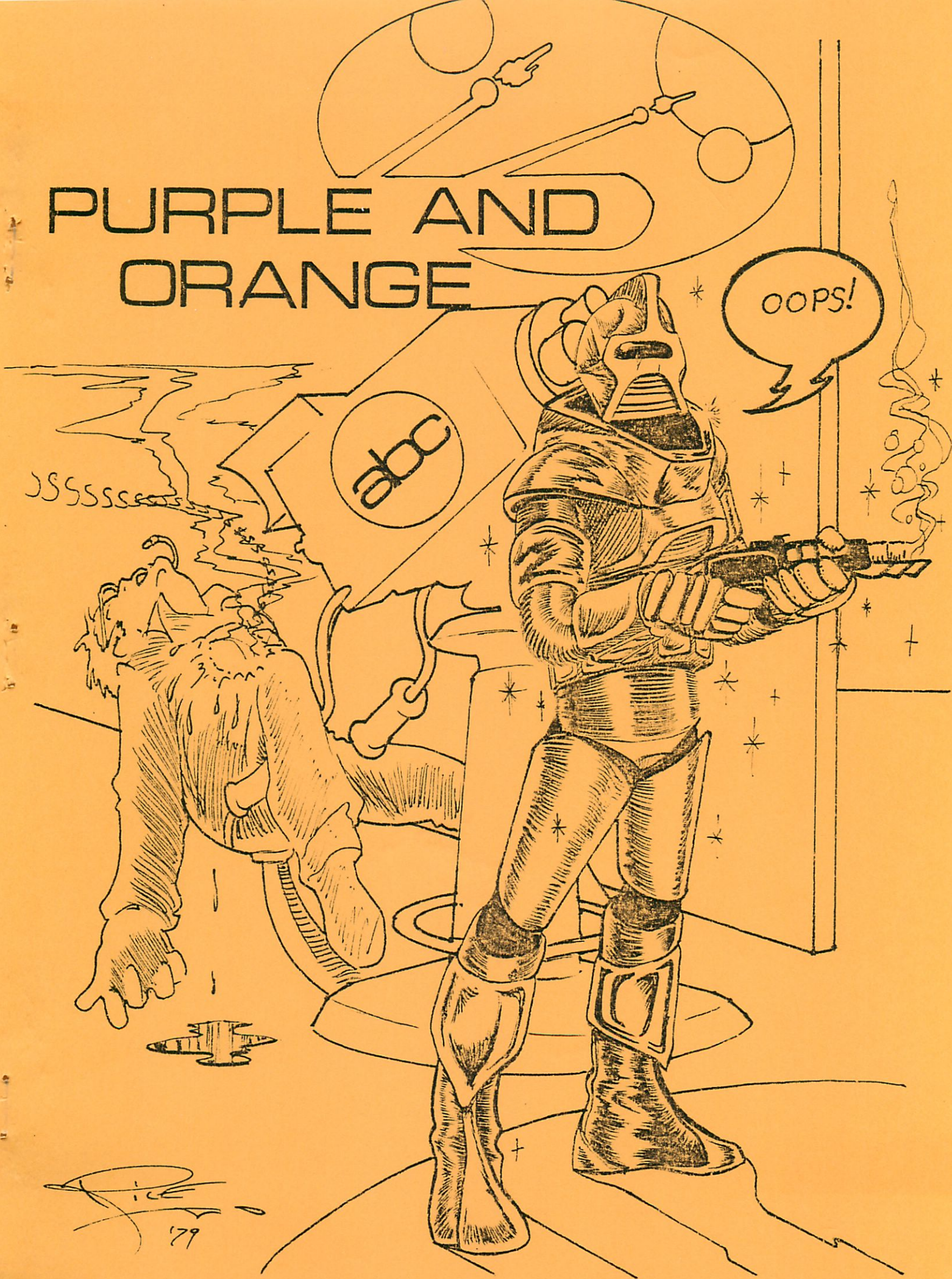


# PURPLE AND ORANGE



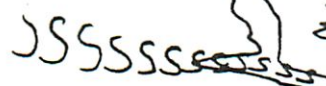


## EDITOR'S FORWARD


This special printing of "Purple and Orange?" Issues #1/2 must, in all fairness, bear a dedication, making it a first in two ways -- our first joint reprint, and our first formal dedication.

To all those BATTLESTAR GALACTICA fans who have also become fans of "Purple and Orange?" -- to all those fans who refused to let us quit, refused to let us give up when things went less than smoothly, and convinced us to go on; to those who saw something of merit in our first two short issues -- to all of you, this special printing of those same first two issues is dedicated on this, the second anniversary of the birth of "Purple and Orange?"

With fans like you, the GALACTICA will live forever.



79



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## WHY AM I DOING THIS????

This is a question most often asked by my good friend Joy Harrison when out of the foodness of her heart she decides to do a favor that more often than not turns out to be more than she bargained for. You can always tell when she is enjoying the sheer adventure of it, because she asks the above question over and over again. I've noticed that since she started this little project with me, she has not asked this silly question once; maybe that's because she knows why.

As for me, I'll tell you why. I feel that I've been screwed over by the network, again. GALACTICA may not be much, but it's better than nothing. Quite honestly, there were a number of quite outstanding episodes, and about the time they started with the good scripts, they also started playing Russian-Roulette with the program's airing time.

That's the other thing that irks me -and it has nothing to do with GALACTICA alone. The entire '78-'79 T. V. season was spent in massive attempts to reschedule around the other network. T. V. has to have fallen to an all-time low when the networks no longer have confidence in their won programming and have to resort to a complicated and blatantly obvious game of hide and seek in an attempt to pull the ratings that they want. It would be much simpler to fire most of the script writers and get picky about the quality of programming.

That's why the "GALACTICA Incident" is important. It has been the first truly serious attempt since STAR TREK at the production of serious science fiction. Granted, it was a bit campy at times; but it

beats the hell out of SPACE 1999 and LOST IN SPACE; and from the standpoint of satire, it was pretty good. If GALACTICA fails, it's going to be a good 5 or 10 years before someone gets the idea to do serious SF ( as opposed to MORK AND MINDY, or the proposed BUCK ROGERS, and the show about the space port bar ). How much time has elapsed between the cancellation of STAR TREK and BATTLESTAR GALACTICA? Not only that, but it proves the sad fact that the general public really is dull enough and witless enough to want shows like LAVERGNE AND SHIRLEY. I don't want to think that mankind has sunk that, low not yet.

Sure, this sounds like ranting and raving over spilt milk, the show has been cancelled, right? Wrong. According to ABC's Chicago office, if they get hit with a good volume of mail, the show probably will get renewed. Write, for Sagan's sake -if not for GALACTICA, for future-science fiction audiences. The names -addresses are in the back of this zine.



# ANOTHER PARTY HEARD FROM

By Joy Harrison

Okay, folks. Your writers/editors are new to all this -- we've never tried anything like it before and don't really know yet just what we have gotten ourselves into. And ever since we started, every now and then we really do sit and look at one another and ask "For Sagan's sake, why am I doing this?"

Well, we think we know why. ABC-TV gave us our first real science fiction fantasy series in years -- not what we were expecting or hoping for, perhaps, but certainly better than nothing at all. And now, they are going to take it away. In fact, they may already have done it -- BATTLESTAR GALACTICA may not appear on television again this season; and we already know that ABC isn't listing the series in the 1979/80 season schedule.

We will freely grant that BATTLESTAR GALACTICA is anything but perfect. But any television series capable of producing a truly excellent episode like "The Hand of God" ( 4/29/79 - possibly the last episode ever to be seen ) deserves a lot of support; even one moment of greatness ( especially in the television business!! ) is certainly worth a few hours of -- if you will forgive the term -- felgercarb.

So what can you do about it? Very simply, write. Write letters to ABC protesting their decision to cancel BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. Write to them, urging them to leave the series on the air for the rest of this season. Write to them, whether you are angry or indignant, disgusted or hopeful or frustrated, or whatever. Send petitions. Even telephone (212-581-7777)! Help us persuade ABC-TV that, like STAR TREK, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA has enough of a following to warrant the network's ignoring poor ratings and reinstating the series. It has worked before; it just might work

again. Write. And get your family, your friends, your neighbors, your acquaintances all over the country to do the same.

If we lose BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, it is just possible that we won't see any remotely tolerable science fiction on television again for another ten years.

Perhaps we won't accomplish anything at all by our efforts. But at least we will have tried. And isn't that worth 15¢?



The following are synopses of the major story lines of several episodes of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. Except for a few special cases, subplots have been omitted for the sake of coherence and brevity.

"Battlestar GALACTICA"  
(9/17/79):

A peace conference between the 12 Colonies of Man and the mechanical Cylons, designed to end 1000 years of warfare, is about to open, with the entire Colonial Fleet awaiting the Cylons. Two Viper pilots, Captain Apollo and his younger brother Lieutenant Zac, are on a routine patrol when they encounter something suspicious -- an empty Cylon tanker orbiting a barren moon. Apollo investigates and discovers a massive Cylon staging area; the Cylons intend to attack and destroy the Fleet -- the peace conference is only a trap.

Aboard the Colonial flagship, their father, Commander Adama of the battlestar GALACTICA, is also suspicious; he does not trust the Cylons or their motives, does not believe the conference will result in any real peace. But he is compelled to go along with the majority of the Colonies' governing Council of the Twelve, of which he is a part.

Apollo and Zac, under Cylon fire, race toward the Fleet with their warning; Zac's Viper is damaged, and Apollo must leave him behind in order to deliver that warning. By this time, Adama knows something is amiss and is trying to get authorization to launch the GALACTICA's Viper squadrons. As Zac's ship explodes, and the Council President realizes that he has been tricked, the Cylons reach the Fleet. Even as the GALACTICA launches her Vipers, the flagship is destroyed. And the GALACTICA withdraws, leaving her Vipers to defend whatever remains of the Fleet, while the battlestar heads back toward the Colonies themselves. Adama suspects, correctly, that the missing Cylon base stars are attacking the Colonies' home planets. But the GALACTICA is too late...

The Colonies' human survivors assemble aboard whatever spacecraft are available, fleeing the Cylons, whose avowed purpose is to wipe out the species known as "Man." The GALACTICA, the last known surviving battlestar, leads a fleet of 220 ships through space, seeking a refuge, a haven -- a legendary 13th colony, on a planet called "Earth."

Seeking fuel and supplies, the GALACTICA and her convoy head for the planet Carillon, where they find everything they need -- and another Cylon trap. An awards ceremony nearly ends in annihilation for the humans; but Adama has played a trick of his own -- most of his Warriors, believed by the Cylons to be at the ceremony on the planet's surface, are still aboard the GALACTICA; and when the Cylons attack, the Vipers take them completely by surprise. The Cylons are routed, and their base star is destroyed when highly volatile fuel mined on Carillon explodes, shattering the planet.

Humanity's quest begins, for "a shining planet known as 'Earth.'"



"The Lost Warrior"  
(10/08/78):

Apollo, attempting to lure the Cylons away from the GALACTICA and her helpless civilian fleet, runs out of fuel and manages to land his Viper on Equillis, where he is aided by a young woman named Aquilla and her son Puppis.

The area where Apollo has landed is ruled by a man named Lacerta, who lives off the people without doing anything for them in return -- and who enforces his wishes through the aid of a "gunman" named Red-Eye. Before Apollo can learn more, Red-Eye himself arrives, investigating strange noises heard in town. And Apollo discovers that Red-Eye is a Cylon...

Aquilla's brother Bootes recognizes Apollo as a Colonial Warrior and urges him to use his laser pistol to destroy Red-Eye. But Apollo has no intention of doing so. As he attempts to explain to the angry Bootes (who thinks him a coward), where there is one Cylon, there are usually others; if he destroys Red-Eye, the other Cylons will probably kill every human on the planet. He does not intend to cause such a slaughter.

In town, Apollo deliberately sets out to flatter Lacerta, hoping to learn from where Red-Eye came. If there is a Cylon base on the planet, he might be able to steal enough fuel to get back to the Fleet...

But Apollo's efforts fail when a drunken Bootes rides into town the following night to challenge Lacerta's rule -- and to fight Red-Eye. Apollo goes after him and manages to prevent disaster; but he also arouses suspicion, and Marcus, one of Lacerta's men, wants him dead. One of the women warns him of this, and also tells him the story of how Lacerta found Red-Eye, in a crashed ship with two others

like him, both destroyed. The surviving Cylon was damaged in the crash of the fighter; when Red-Eye saw Lacerta, he said, "By your command," and obeyed him thereafter.

Apollo, knowing now that there is no Cylon base, that there are no other Cylons on the planet, accepts the challenge from Marcus. But when Marcus sees his laser pistol for the first time, he backs down; and Lacerta summons Red-Eye.

Colonial Warrior and Cylon face one another in a gun duel, and Apollo wins easily, since a human can move and react much faster than a Cylon. The only reason that no human could defeat Red-Eye in a duel before was that a projectile weapon -- all the humans had -- could not harm a Cylon; Apollo's laser pistol could.

With Red-Eye destroyed and Lacerta discredited, the humans of Equillis are free. Aquilla takes Apollo to where her husband -- a Colonial Warrior -- had crash-landed on the planet; there is enough fuel there for him to get back to the GALACTICA. And when he reaches orbit, he finds that Starbuck and Boomer are waiting for him, to guide him home...



"The Living Legend"  
(11/26/78 & 12/ 3/78):

On a routine patrol, Captain Apollo and Lieutenant Boomer are suddenly pursued by two ships that turn out to be Vipers from the battlestar PEGASUS, believed lost two years earlier. The GALACTICA and the PEGASUS join forces, at least temporarily, under the leadership of Commander Adama.

Commander Cain of the PEGASUS, a well-known and, indeed, almost legendary Warrior, wants the two battlestars to attack a major Cylon outpost capital; Adama just wants enough fuel for his fleet of 220 civilian ships to escape the Cylons. In a raid to capture two Cylon tankers and provide that fuel, Cain deliberately destroys the two ships, attempting to force Adama to attack the outpost. Instead, Adama relieves Cain of command of the PEGASUS.

When Apollo, Boomer, and Lieutenant Starbuck fly to the PEGASUS to begin redistributing her reserve fuel to the other ships of the fleet, the Warriors of the PEGASUS, led by Cain's daughter Sheba, block their way out of the landing bay, threatening mutiny -- until the Cylons attack, with three of their base stars. Adama, needing Cain's unquestionable talents, puts him back in command of his battlestar.

Cain's plan is to attack the base stars from the rear while they engage the GALACTICA; not knowing of the existence of a second battlestar, the Cylons should be taken completely by surprise...

The surprise is total, and the Cylons retreat. For a while...

But the fuel problem has become truly desperate. Colonial Warriors led by Apollo and Sheba parachute to the surface of the outpost capital, where they capture the fuel dump. The PEGASUS attempts to draw the three base stars off, while the

Cylon fighters attempt to defend the planet. Cain sends his Vipers to the GALACTICA, ostensibly as escorts for unarmed shuttles carrying wounded; he intends to take on the base stars alone.

In their Vipers, Apollo and Starbuck attempt to aid Cain, trying to draw the fire of the base stars by flying directly between two of them -- where they dare not fire on the small fighters for fear of endangering one another. Then, as the two Vipers fly free of the base stars, Cain fires his rockets. The two Vipers speed toward the GALACTICA as the two nearest base stars explode. When the debris clears, they can no longer see the PEGASUS.

Cain intended to go after the third Cylon ship -- but was he caught in the explosion? Is he gone, and the PEGASUS with him?

Or is he still out in space somewhere, pursuing the Cylons?



"War of the Gods"  
(1/14/79 & 1/21/79):

When a Viper patrol vanishes mysteriously, Apollo, Starbuck, and Sheba are sent to look for them. They don't find the Vipers; but on a planet their scanners show to be lifeless, they find the wreckage of a huge spacecraft -- and a survivor, Count Iblis.

Iblis, demonstrating considerable telepathic and telekinetic talent, claims that his mission is to prepare humanity's way to Earth. He offers hope; and although Adama does not trust him, nearly everyone else does.

More Vipers vanish when the GALACTICA is "attacked" by a force of incredibly fast ships, visible only as brilliant lights. Iblis pronounces these his -- and therefore, the Fleet's -- enemies, and offers his protection in exchange for his being given absolute authority over the entire Fleet. The Council of the Twelve accepts his tests; and Baltar, the man responsible for the success of the Cylons' destructive attack on the Colonies, becomes their prisoner.

Adama still distrusts the Count; in an attempt to learn more, he sends his son, Apollo, back to the planet where Iblis was found. Accompanied by Starbuck, Apollo investigates the wrecked spacecraft and learns something of Iblis' identity.

Sheba follows the two men back to the planet, however -- and so does Count Iblis. Attempting to protect Sheba from the Count, Apollo is killed. Sheba then rejects the Count, who has been identified by several names now, among them "the Prince of Darkness." And when the "lights" reappear, Iblis departs -- but not before threatening another encounter, at some unspecified future time.

While taking Apollo's body back to the GALACTICA, Starbuck and Sheba

are "attacked" -- and soon find themselves in a totally alien environment, aboard a glowing "ship of lights," in some other dimension of reality. The alien beings who confront them are highly advanced, almost god-like; to a less advanced race, they might appear as "angels." Count Iblis was once one of them, before he turned to evil...

When both Sheba and Starbuck express their willingness to sacrifice their own lives in exchange, the aliens restore Apollo's life, saying that they have great need of beings like him. And the three Warriors are returned to the GALACTICA, as are all the others who had disappeared earlier.

Apollo, Starbuck, and Sheba have only vague memories of what happened to them on the planet and after; but Adama's casual mention of Earth triggers an unlikely response -- a final gift from the aliens -- the coordinates of a planet far across space, "in a star system with nine planets, and one sun."



"The Man with Nine Lives"  
(1/28/79):

Considerable time has passed since the GALACTICA was given coordinates to Earth by a race of strange, almost god-like beings; and Adama believes that they are nearing their destination. Consequently, since there has been no recent contact with the Cylons, GALACTICA's various Warrior squadrons are being granted extended leaves. Apollo and Starbuck take a shuttle to the RISING STAR, where Starbuck hopes to try out a new gambling system.

As he plays, an elderly man advises Starbuck of a flaw in his supposedly fool-proof system, and then offers the two men a drink. He says his name is Chameleon, and that he is a "genetic tracer," with the job of reuniting orphans with their blood relatives. In reality, he is hoping to use Starbuck, who was orphaned in a Cylon raid on Caprica, to escape from three Borellian Nomen who are hunting him. Deftly, he convinces Starbuck that he may indeed be his father; and Starbuck and Apollo take him back to the GALACTICA to run genetic tests.

Apollo, much as he would like to see Starbuck find his family, is suspicious of Chameleon; at Adama's suggestion, they run a security check. Unfortunately, Colonel Tigh mentions the check in Starbuck's presence; and Starbuck, deeply hurt by this lack of faith, announces that their friendship is at an end.

Meanwhile, two of the Nomen have followed Chameleon to the GALACTICA as "recruits" in the Colonial military forces. The Nomen, members of a fierce martial sect, are on a blood trail, hunting Chameleon because they believe he has cheated them; and they go after Starbuck and Chameleon, finding them in a Viper launch tube, where Starbuck has been explaining the operation of a Viper and telling his "father"

of his plans to give it all up and spend the future with him.

In the fight that follows, the older man hides in the Viper while the two Nomen pursue Starbuck down the launch tube. In an effort to save Starbuck, whom he has genuinely come to like, Chameleon fires the Viper's turbolasers. As the smoke clears, Starbuck observes that only his father would fire a laser in a launch tube!

Apollo and Boomer, sent by a badly worried Adama to take both men into protective custody until the Nomen are found, arrive after the shooting is over. And, in Adama's quarters a short time later, they decide to turn Chameleon over to an elderly woman, Siress Blassie, who is quite willing to undertake his "rehabilitation" (much against his wishes).

Meanwhile, Cassiopeia has finished the genetic tests. Chameleon, who merely intended to use Starbuck for protection, really is his father! But, knowing Starbuck's determination to sacrifice his future, he persuades Cassiopeia to report negative results, saying that he would rather be Starbuck's friend than his father at this late date.



"The Hand of God"  
(4/29/79):

An evening's excursion to a long-unused celestial dome aboard the GALACTICA produces far different results than Apollo, Sheba, Starbuck, or Cassiopeia could have anticipated, when an outdated scanner picks up a transmission on a gamma frequency. The transmission is badly garbled, but the video image resembles a type of space vehicle used by the Colonies in the distant past. Boomer, an electronics expert, is unable to clear it up sufficiently to identify it. A solar system lies directly on the path of the transmission, at the very limit of the GALACTICA's scanners; Adama sends Apollo, Starbuck, and Sheba to investigate, seeking the source of the signal. What they find is a Cylon base star.

The planetary system is too close to the rim of the galaxy to take the entire Fleet around it without being seen by the Cylons; and, tired of running, Adama decides to attack -- for the first time since the destruction of the Colonies, the humans will have a real advantage -- the element of surprise.

It is Apollo who has the idea that will guarantee that surprise. He and Starbuck will fly Baltar's Cylon fighter to the base star, land on her, and destroy her control center. Blinded, the base star will be unable to scan the attacking GALACTICA until after the first blow has been struck. And the GALACTICA's Vipers will draw the Cylon fighters away...

To aid Apollo and Starbuck, Adama offers the traitor Baltar a deal -- his freedom, in exchange for information on the base star; Baltar agrees. Meanwhile, Boomer prepares an identification transmitter to enable the GALACTICA's Vipers to recognize Apollo and Starbuck in their Cylon fighter. He is unusually edgy -- he wants to go along. So does Sheba, and she turns on

Apollo when he refuses to allow her to go. Starbuck and Cassiopeia also share a stormy parting. But at last the Cylon fighter is launched.

Shortly after entering the planetary system where the base star was first detected, Apollo and Starbuck find themselves in the middle of a returning Cylon patrol. Landing with the patrol, they successfully enter and destroy the base star's computer banks, effectively blinding her to the GALACTICA's approach. But in their rush to escape, they lose the all-important identification transmitter.

Even as the two Warriors escape, the GALACTICA attacks. As her Vipers engage the myriad Cylons, the battlestar exchanges blows with the base star. And then, the GALACTICA's forward lasers find their target; the base star is destroyed in a spectacular explosion. The Vipers are recalled.

But there is no sign of Apollo and Starbuck. A number of Cylon fighters make suicide runs on the GALACTICA and are destroyed; when yet another appears without the identifying signal, Adama orders the lasers activated again. But Boomer interrupts the order to fire -- only Starbuck would think to waggle the Cylon's wings!

Later, Apollo waits alone for another gamma transmission. The recording of the first one was destroyed in the battle with the base star; and he does not believe, as Adama has suggested, that it was a Cylon lure -- he thinks it may have come from Earth. Finally, Starbuck persuades him to leave. As the hatch closes behind them, another transmission begins...

The scanner shows a barren landscape, seen through a viewport. Dust flies. A voice calls out altitude and velocity figures. But no one is in the dome to hear the voice of Neil Armstrong saying, "The 'Eagle' has landed."



"Cylons Is Golden"

(Written by Lisa Golladay; reprinted by permission of the author.)

The following scene takes place inside a Cylon fighter. The three characters all speak in the droning monotones of the Cylons.

INTRODUCTION: Have you ever wondered why Cylons never hit anything?

Commander: (Speaking as he puts down an intercom device) By your command.

Cylon 1: What is our target on this run?

Commander: We are to destroy the battlestar GALACTICA.

Cylon 2: Vipers approaching. Let's attack the left wing.

Cylon 1: We always attack the left wing. I want to attack the right wing.

Cylon 2: Tough spot-welding. I'm going after the left wing.

Commander: We are attacking neither wing. Steer for the GALACTICA's landing bay.

Cylon 1: The landing bay? But that's dangerous.

Commander: Those are our orders.

Cylon 1: But I just got a new chrome job.

Cylon 2: I thought you looked spiffy today. How do you like my new aluminum components?

Cylon 1: I hear they're great in summer.

Commander: Stop chattering. Vipers approaching.

Cylon 2: Prepare to veer left.

Cylon 1: Like hell.

Cylon 2: Prepare to veer left.

Cylon 1: Turning right.

Commander: Stop arguing and continue straight ahead.

Cylon 1: Aw, you never were any fun, steel-face. Continue veering right.

Cylon 2: No way, lubricant-breath. Turning left.

Commander: I don't like being insulted.

Cylon 1: Right, I say. We are turning right.



Cylon 2: We are not.

Cylon 1: We are, too.

Cylon 2: Sez who?

Cylon 1: Sez me.

Cylon 2: Stick it in you alternating current outlet.

Commander: Give me the controls.

(There is a general struggle over the controls. Finally...)

Commander: Uh-oh.

Cylon 2: What's happening?

Commander: The Viper is applying his brakes.

Cylon 1: Not again.

(All three imitate the stock shot of three Cylon pilots looking over their shoulders, confused.)

Cylon 2: Uh-oh.

Commander: Full reverse power.

Cylon 1: By your command.

Commander: Full reverse power.

Cylon 2: By your command.

Commander: FULL REVERSE POWER.

Cylon 2: Aye, Captain, but the engines, they canna take it.

Cylon 1: Hoo, boy!

Cylon 2: I hope your side of the ship crashes first.

(The violent end...)



"Virgon Switches, or 'Too Good to Be True'"

(An original short story written by Pat Beese):

Starbuck scooped the cubits off the table with a practiced sweep. "I can't lose tonight!" He danced a mental riga around the pyramid table. "Just like that night on Carillon. Carillon? Felgercarb! What made me think of that Cylon-infested rock?" He walked down the corridor of the RISING STAR toward the shuttle bay, not really seeing where he was going, his mind on those hectic days on Carillon when they were trying desperately to find the proverbial fly in the ointment. He was just about to eliminate one of those chrome-plated flies when he ran headlong into something soft but firm.

"Hey! Why don't you check your field before you cut in your turbos? You civilians have no respect..." He stopped short because he was looking into eyes every bit as black as deep space between stars, and just as, well, empty and lonely. "Sorry. I was somewhere else a micron ago. Any damage done?"

A soft, Virgon-accented voice answered. "No damage done, lieutenant. And I assure you, I always check my field."

Was that a spark of fire in those black eyes? It was gone too fast to be sure, just as the lovely face was now covered with yards of blue shimmering stuff falling into folds on the corridor floor. What was the reason for the veiling, anyway? He wished she hadn't replaced it. She was lovely to look at, and, besides, the veil made him think of the hangings in the casino on Carillon.

Always the gambler, he decided to gamble on a chance to spend a few of his newly-won cubits.

"Will you join me for a drink? Give you a chance to sit down for awhile. Make sure that you're all right. A collision of that type could cause delayed symptoms to appear. Dizziness, weakness, you name it."

"I'm quite all right, lieutenant, I assure you. And I intend to stand just where I am."

Lords of Kobol, but that voice was sweet! Sounded just like kriss in flight back home on Caprica.

"However, I would be pleased to have your company, lieutenant...?"

"Starbuck. And I would be pleased to have your company, too." His arm reached out to encircle her waist. Lords, it was tiny! She didn't pull away, and he moved closer, so that his shoulder was next to hers. He hadn't realized how tall she was. They were eye to eye. Those eyes! Still as black as space, they called to him to come closer. He felt drawn, like those stories about Warriors who chased blips that weren't there. He cocked his head ever so slightly, gave in to the undertow, and placed a charged kiss square on her lips. At least, he thought it was her lips. With all that drapery, it was kind of hard to be sure.

"Starbuck..."

That voice! He could drown in that voice! It made his name a sensuous litany. But he knew he wasn't going to talk. He kissed her again, and this time he lingered, putting all his desire, all his experience, into the embrace.

"Starbuck!"

Rough hands pulling at him from behind. He tried to shake them off.

"Starbuck!"

Was that Apollo's voice? Couldn't



the captain see that he was occupied?

Rough hands again, this time turning him quickly around. Starbuck blinked into Boomer's worried face.

"Starbuck, are you all right? What are you doing holding on to that communications column?"

"Can't you see that the lady and I are busy?"

"Lady? What lady?" Apollo peered anxiously into his friend's face. "Starbuck, where did you get that black eye? Have you been making passes at lady triad players again?"

"The lady right here." Starbuck turned to face... A communications column, draped in blue reaching to the floor so that it would blend in with the decor, and the two monitor lights at eye level showing black, indicating that the unit was not in use. He turned back to Apollo and Boomer.

"She's gone! It's too bad. She was as beautiful as a Caprican spring. But I have a feeling she had a heart as hard as steel, though. And probably as full of switches as Carillon, too."

Boomer laughed. "Still regret the loss of that casino where you just couldn't lose, huh?"

Apollo took Starbuck's arm. "Let's get you to a med tech, and have him ... I mean her... look at that eye. You look a little strange to me." The three men headed off down the corridor.

Lights flickered at the communications column. A sigh as soft as a spring breeze sounded in the now empty corridor. A soft, Virgin-accented voice breathed, "He didn't even ask my name..."

The following is a list of all episodes of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA as of June 1, 1979.

9/17/78	"Battlestar GALACTICA"
9/24/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part I)
10/01/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part II)
10/08/78	"The Lost Warrior"
10/15/78	"The Long Patrol"
10/22/78	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part I)
10/29/78	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part II)
11/12/78	"The Magnificent Warriors"
11/19/78	"The Young Lords"
11/26/78	"The Living Legend" (Part I)
12/03/78	"The Living Legend" (Part II)
12/17/78	"Fire in Space"
12/24/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part I) - repeat
12/31/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part II) - repeat
1/14/79	"War of the Gods" (Part I)
1/21/79	"War of the Gods" (Part II)
1/28/79	"The Man with Nine Lives"
2/18/79	"Murder on the RISING STAR"
2/25/79	"Greetings from Earth"
3/11/79	"Baltar's Escape"
3/18/79	"Experiment in Terra"
4/01/79	"Take the CELESTRA"
4/08/79	"Fire in Space" - repeat
4/29/79	"The Hand of God"



LETTERS OF COMMENT ?  
YES, WE WOULD LIKE THEM:

PURPLE AND ORANGE  
C/O LEAH BESTLER  
7363 N. SHERIDAN  
Apt. # 12  
CHICAGO, IL 60626

#### IMPORTANT ADDRESSES:

Below are the addresses to which all concerned parties should write in support of the series BATTLESTAR GALACTICA and to protest its cancellation by ABC-TV.

As of this writing, there exists a rumour, as yet unconfirmed, that Fred Silverman of NBC-TV is currently negotiating with Glen Larson and Universal, in an effort to pick up BATTLESTAR GALACTICA for his network, should ABC really drop the series.

Consequently, we suggest that you write to him as well...

ABC-TV  
1330 Sixth Avenue  
New York, New York 10019

- Mr. Anthony Thomopoulos  
President, ABC-TV
- Mr. Fred Pierce  
Programming Department
- Mr. Dan Rustin, Manager  
Audience Information
- Programming Department  
(no specific individual)

NBC-TV  
30 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, New York 10020

- Mr. Fred Silverman  
President, NBC-TV

Universal Cities Studios  
100 Universal City Plaza  
Universal City, California 91608

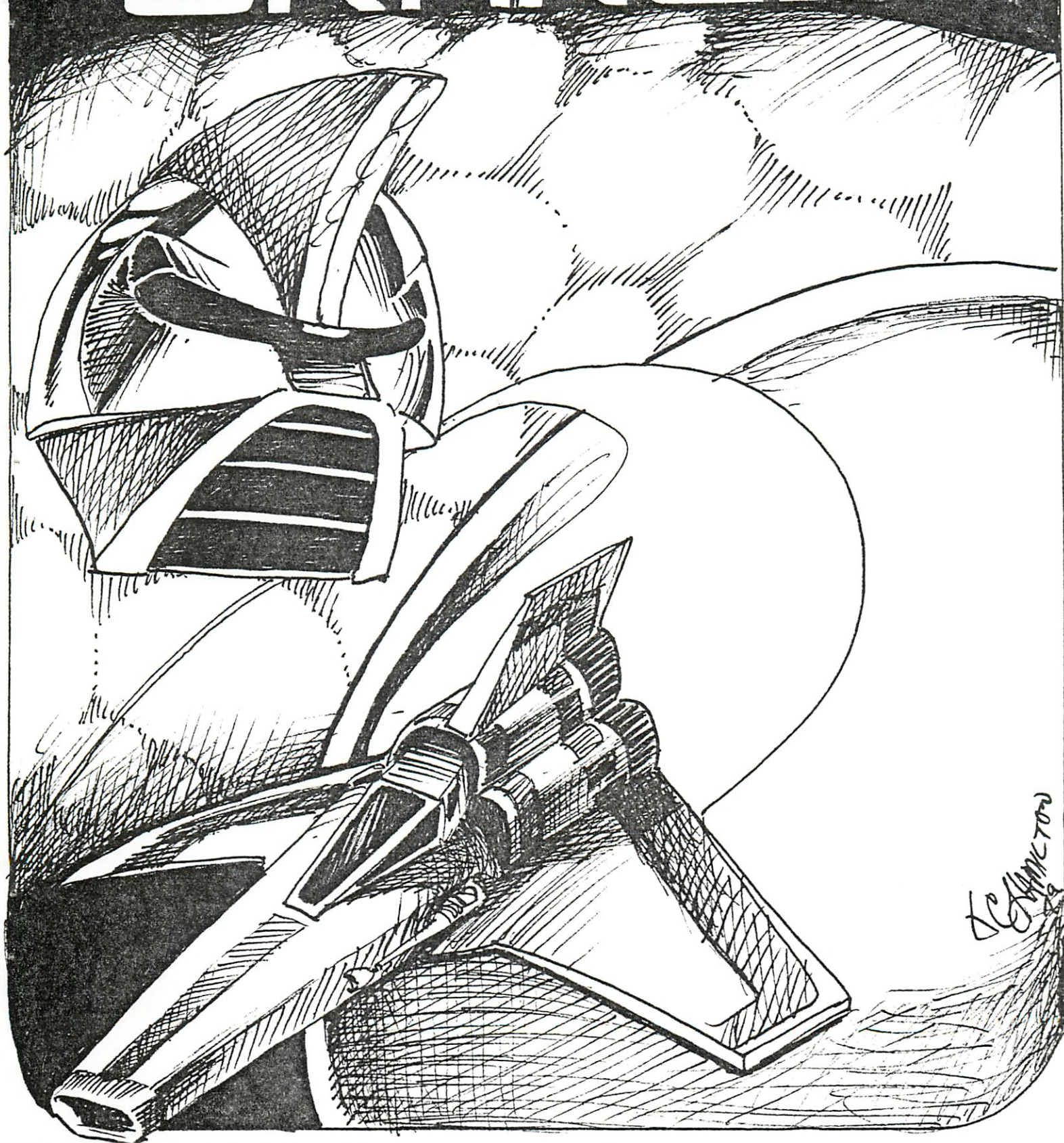
- Mr. Glen Larson



Fleeing from the Neilsen tyranny,  
the last battlestar -- GALACTICA --  
leads a rag-tag, fugitive fleet on  
a lonely quest -- a shining network  
known as...NBC?



# PURPLE & ORANGE?



to the moon



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\* "The Dream" and "The Only Choice" are both based upon the final scene of "Lost Planet of the Gods". They were written by two individuals at approximately the same time and were originally intended to be two separate stories; however, due to their many unintentional similarities, the authors have modified them so that they can appear together in this issue of "Purple and Orange" as one continuous story.

"Purple and Orange" is intended solely for the enjoyment of fans of the ABC-TV series BATTLESTAR GALACTICA and is the official publication of Battlestar Osiris, c/o The New Fantasy Shop, 5651 West Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60634.

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# EPISODE GUIDE

The following is a list of all episodes of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA as of 8/31/79.

9/17/78	"Battlestar GALACTICA"	2/25/79	"Greetings from Earth"
9/24/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part I)	3/11/79	"Baltar's Escape"
10/01/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part II)	3/18/79	"Experiment in Terra"
10/08/78	"The Lost Warrior"	4/01/79	"Take the CELESTRA"
10/15/78	"The Long Patrol"	4/08/79	"Fire in Space" - repeat
10/22/78	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part I)	4/29/79	"The Hand of God"
10/29/78	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part II)	6/02/79	"The Living Legend" (Part I) - repeat
11/12/78	"The Magnificent Warriors"	6/09/79	"The Living Legend" (Part II) - repeat
11/19/78	"The Young Lords"	6/16/79	"The Young Lords" - repeat
11/26/78	"The Living Legend" (Part I)	6/23/79	"The Long Patrol" - repeat
12/03/78	"The Living Legend" (Part II)	7/07/79	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part I) - repeat
12/17/78	"Fire in Space"	7/14/79	"The Gun on Ice Planet Zero" (Part II) - repeat
12/24/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part I) - repeat	7/21/79	"War of the Gods" (Part I) - repeat
12/31/78	"Lost Planet of the Gods" (Part II) - repeat	7/28/79	"War of the Gods" (Part II) - repeat
1/14/79	"War of the Gods" (Part I)	8/04/79	"The Man with Nine Lives" - repeat*
1/21/79	"War of the Gods" (Part II)		
1/28/79	"The Man with Nine Lives"		
2/18/79	"Murder on the RISING STAR"		

\*Preempted in the Chicago metropolitan area by local ABC affiliate WLS-TV, Channel 7.



COLONEL LYRA'S LOG -- Entry #1

Welcome aboard the battlestar OSIRIS. This log begins sometime after the destruction of the Twelve Colonies; however, just how long after is not certain.

The OSIRIS was on an exploratory mission and was several yahrens out of port. We had made contact with several life forms, one or two of them of interest and possible importance to the Colonies. Our mission accomplished, we began our homeward journey.

Finding Cylons was not unusual, even in the vicinity of the homeworlds. Consequently, we were not alarmed until we entered what ought to have been friendly space -- and encountered Cylons in force.

We retreated into deep space and began to fit together what bits of information we could find. From stragglers, from colonists on outer worlds, from the very destruction around us, came word of the annihilation of the Twelve Colonies and of whatever portion of the human race the Cylons came upon.

Along with this sad news, however, came some word of hope. It seems our sister ship, the battlestar GALACTICA, survives -- and with her, a handful of our people.

We intend to follow the GALACTICA across the stars, in hope of an eventual rendezvous with her. We shall have to be detectives of a sort, picking up whatever clues we can to the GALACTICA's whereabouts as we go.

It will not be an easy voyage -- but then, the GALACTICA's voyage will not be an easy one, either.

My log will serve as an attempt to chronicle our new mission.

For the glory of the Colonies!

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES:

As of this writing, there is a report to the effect that ABC-TV has contracted for one or more two-hour and/or 90-minute BATTLESTAR GALACTICA TV movies or specials; supposedly, the series will be reinstated in midseason 1980 if the movies' ratings are good enough to warrant such an action.

Let's try to guarantee that this is the case!

ABC-TV  
1330 Sixth Avenue  
New York, New York 10019

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President, ABC-TV
- Mr. Fred Pierce  
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Beginning on the next page are synopses of the major story lines of the three "Terra" episodes of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA.

Subplots have been omitted for the sake of coherence and brevity.



"Greetings from Earth"  
(2/25/79):

While on deep patrol, Apollo and Starbuck encounter a strange sub-light space vehicle. Scanners indicate six life forms, but life support is minimal. The ship is towed back to the GALACTICA, where an attempt is made to decipher its instrumentation. The six occupants are in a state of suspended animation, and the ultimate goal is to revive them, question them, and learn where they are from and where the ship was heading. Nearly everyone believes that the ship represents the Fleet's first contact with the planet Earth.

Apollo, however, is reluctant to continue the investigation, feeling that they have no right to interfere with the lives of the man, the woman, and the four children aboard the ship. Not many others agree with him; and the Council of the Twelve decides to order the man revived at once.

Even as Apollo persuades Adama to allow him to set the ship back on its original course, instruments awaken Michael, its commander. He leaves his ship, taking the guards completely by surprise; but after a few moments, he collapses, unable to breathe under an atmospheric pressure five times what is normal to him.

Apollo and Starbuck devise a plan to get the ship away; Michael agrees to help. They trick the Council security guards into believing that they are going to take the four children off the ship in pressure chambers; in reality, they successfully smuggle Michael back on board. Cassiopeia accompanies them; she will remain aboard the ship until it reaches its destination, and Apollo and Starbuck will fly escort. The ruse is discovered too late, just as the ship takes off from the GALACTICA.

Eventually, the spacecraft lands on a planet called Paradeen, where it is welcomed by two very humanoid androids, Hector and Vector. Aided by one of the androids, Starbuck explores an abandoned city -- abandoned by death, the result of neutron or bacterial weapons used by the Eastern Alliance of the planet Terra, from whom Michael and Sarah had been fleeing. Apollo, meanwhile, returns to the Vipers, intending to contact the GALACTICA. Unfortunately, Sarah has already been there, destroying the radio and other controls in an attempt to keep Apollo on Paradeen with her. And Starbuck manages to get lost in the maze beneath the city, where he is in very great danger -- the atmospheric pressure on Paradeen is only 1/5 that of Terra, and that to which the Colonists themselves are accustomed.

Apollo, Cassiopeia, and Michael, aided by the androids, go to the rescue, arriving just in time to save Starbuck's life. Several other men, neighbors of the newcomers, also arrive on the scene -- to warn that Eastern Alliance Enforcers are on Paradeen and have taken Sarah prisoner.

Aided by their new allies, Apollo and Starbuck lead an attack that takes the Enforcers completely by surprise. Then, with their Terran prisoners, they leave Paradeen to return to the GALACTICA.

*We'll find it~  
someday*

3



"Baltar's Escape"  
(3/11/79):

Questioning the Warriors' handling of the captured Eastern Alliance destroyer and her crew as enemies and prisoners, the Council of the Twelve votes to end the martial law that has had the survivors' Fleet under Adama's command since the escape from the Colonies; Adama will remain in command of the GALACTICA, but a member of the Council, Siress Tinia, will become his "aide" -- to guarantee that Council edicts are obeyed.

Meanwhile, aboard the prison barge, Baltar plots to escape. He approaches the two Nomen imprisoned since a blood hunt drew attention to their sect; together, they plan to join with the Alliance Enforcers and make good their escape. When the Council orders the Enforcers brought to the GALACTICA to be treated as diplomatic envoys, they have their chance. They overpower their guards, destroy the barge's communications with the rest of the Fleet, and then seize the GALACTICA shuttle, flown by Boomer and Sheba. They order the shuttle flown to the GALACTICA, where Baltar intends to either cripple the battlestar or capture sufficient hostages to ensure their escape. They take the Council and their security forces by surprise and capture Alpha Landing Bay.

Adama, warned by the loss of communications with the prison barge, orders Warriors to the landing bay; Siress Tinia countermands the order, saying that Adama's reaction is paranoid. Colonel Tigh, infuriated by the woman's actions, leaves the bridge and manages to send Apollo and Starbuck to investigate.

The two Warriors are in time to prevent Baltar and the two Nomen from reaching the bridge; but nearly the entire Council (except for Adama and Tinia) have been taken hostage. Baltar demands, in return

for their release, that the Eastern Alliance destroyer and his own Cylon craft, along with his two Cylon pilots, be freed. The two ships, along with the shuttle full of hostages, will proceed to Luna 7, a Terran colony, where the hostages will be freed. Adama does not believe him; neither does Tinia, who willingly agrees that they must attack rather than negotiate.

Adama offers to become a hostage himself, in order to buy time; he plans, once the Enforcers and Baltar have left for their own ships, to use the shuttle's radio to order the attack on them. But Apollo has another idea.

Colonel Tigh, advised by Apollo to cancel the attack, orders the shuttle to launch. The Alliance destroyer follows. Baltar has in his possession a control that will explode solenite charges rigged on the shuttle; he is the key to saving the hostages. When he orders his two Cylons to launch, one of them malfunctions, as it had done earlier in Dr. Wilker's lab. Part of Apollo's plan, this allows him and Starbuck to jump Baltar, seizing the remote control and permitting the shuttle to return safely.

The Eastern Alliance destroyer is allowed to go free, however; unknown to its commander and crew, it carries a transmitter that will allow the GALACTICA to track it to its destination. And, hopefully, to Earth.





"Experiment in Terra"  
(3/18/79):

While tracking an Eastern Alliance destroyer back to its base, Apollo is picked up by the alien "ship of lights" that the GALACTICA had encountered once before, along with one "Count Iblis." Aboard the alien ship, he meets a being who calls himself "John," an alien who is to be something of a mentor and advisor in the next few days. War is about to break out on Terra, a war that could destroy the entire planet; and the aliens want Apollo to prevent it. Apollo suggests that he is dreaming -- but when he awakens in his Viper, Terra is directly in front of him.

Apollo is picked up by Brenda Maxwell, a young Terran woman who believes him to be Colonel Charles ("Charlie") Watts, missing for the past six weeks. She takes him to her apartment; when he seems to be acting strangely (!), she calls Security. Apollo is taken into custody, examined by physicians -- who think he is crazy -- and locked up.

Meanwhile, Starbuck picks up a long range distress signal on his scanner and goes after Apollo. He, too, heads for Terra. A Terran patrol, investigating the appearance of two "unidentified flying objects," arrives; Starbuck stuns all of the Terrans and starts for a nearby large city, guided by an open line on Apollo's communicator.

Brenda and her father, General Maxwell, are picked up and imprisoned along with Apollo. The President fears that General Maxwell will oppose his secret treaty with the Eastern Alliance. He, of course, does not know that the Alliance plans a sneak attack on the West...

Starbuck arrives and frees Apollo, Brenda, and General Maxwell. John warns them of the impending attack. The Terrans cannot see or hear him, and consequently question the sani-


ty of the two Warriors. But they have little choice; they must trust Apollo and Starbuck or risk the total destruction of their civilization -- and their world.

Brenda takes Starbuck back to his Viper, which he plans to take into orbit to contact the GALACTICA. But the GALACTICA, having picked up two long range distress signals from the vicinity of Terra, is already on her way, travelling at light speed. While Apollo tells the Presidium the story of the Cyclon attack upon the Twelve Colonies (in an effort to stall for time), the Eastern Alliance launches their nuclear attack. John warns Starbuck, who in turn tells Adama to use the GALACTICA's lasers to destroy the missiles before they can destroy the planet; Adama complies. When Western missiles are automatically launched in reprisal, they, too, are destroyed. And the Eastern Alliance, fearing that the West has some new secret weapon, sues for peace.

An event directly paralleling that which destroyed the Twelve Colonies is thereby successfully averted...

For the  
glory  
of  
Caprica





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WAMPTON



## "The Dream"

(By Joy Harrison)

"We'll have an eternity, too... A spirit like yours just can't end." -- Apollo

Apollo stretched out on his bunk, sighed deeply, and closed his eyes. Lords, but he was tired! More tired, in fact, than he could remember having been in a long time. That last mission, when he and Starbuck had invaded a Cylon base star to knock out her scanners, seemed an eternity ago. Since then, there'd been no sign of Cylons. There hadn't been much of anything, in fact. Only a series of highly uneventful patrols, and those interminable training sessions with the new cadets. He knew those sessions were necessary, of course -- but he simply hadn't the patience for them, at least not just now.

Restless, Apollo rolled over and tried to will himself to sleep. But there was too much to think about. Normally, he liked to do his thinking on patrol, or up in the old celestial chamber above the GALACTICA's main thrusters. However uneventful those recent patrols may have been, though, there was one thing they all had in common -- large numbers of novice cadets, flying their first real missions with an older, more experienced pilot. Apollo, Starbuck, and Boomer had all had more than their share of novice pilots lately. And those first-orbit cadets required far too much concentration to allow time for any private thinking.

The celestial chamber was out of the question now, too -- and had been ever since the receipt of that second gamma frequency transmission, which was every bit as indecipherable as the first. Apollo sighed again. Until that second transmission, no one had seriously believed that the first was anything but a Cylon lure. Except him, that is. But now, well, if those signals really did come from Earth...

All of which left Apollo with only one place to go to be alone with his thoughts. Unfortunately, that left him little, if any, time for sleep.

Sighing deeply once more, Apollo rolled onto his back and then lay still, hands clasped beneath his head, eyes closed. First of all, there was Athena. His sister hadn't been the same since the destruction of the Colonies. Or perhaps more accurately, since the arrival of Cassiopeia. The pretty ex-socialator had captured Starbuck's heart as Athena had never been able to do, and now Apollo's younger sister was becoming more and more withdrawn. He knew, too, that there was no way he could help her -- he simply was not about to interfere in Starbuck's personal life. Not again. He remembered all too well what had happened with



Chameleon.

And Adama. There was a real problem. His father was an excellent military commander -- but he was suffering cruelly from the purely political demands of his civilian fleet. Apollo wanted desperately to be able to help him, to relieve him of some of the burdens of this particular command. But once again, there was nothing he could do -- and he felt guilty about his helplessness. There ought to be some way... He suspected, however, that not even the Lords of Kobol themselves could have satisfied the Council. Unfortunately, that didn't make things any easier for the Commander. Or his son.

Still restless, Apollo started to get up, then dropped wearily back on his bunk again. He was too tired, really, to even fight the direction his thoughts were taking. Somehow, they always led him to a subject that had tormented him ever since the Cylon attack that had destroyed the Colonies and their Fleet.

Zac. Thoughts about Athena and their father always seemed to lead Apollo back to that terrible day when he and his younger brother had unknowingly flown into the midst of the Cylon attack force. When Zac's Viper had been damaged, Apollo had been forced to leave him behind. And Zac had died. He was only one of countless thousands who died that day; but to Apollo, Zac's death was his fault, and his alone. He had never forgiven himself -- he could never forgive himself for leaving Zac, however necessary that act may have been militarily. If he had remained with his brother, he was sure that somehow they could have held the Cylons off long enough to reach the relative safety of the GALACTICA. Zac had almost made it without him. But Apollo had flown ahead, with a warning that came too late. The Fleet had been destroyed. Caprica and the other Colonies were lost. Zac was dead.

And then there was Boxey. The boy needed two full-time parents, not just one -- and that one a Warrior who was constantly leaving him to go off on some dangerous mission from which he might never return. What right had he, Apollo, to try and raise a child alone? Apollo felt guilty every time he had to leave the boy; he was painfully aware that even the most routine mission could end in disaster. Try to forget for a centon that Boxey was Serina's son. Think only of the boy's welfare...

Serina. With a groan, Apollo rolled over once again, pulling a pillow over his head as if that gesture could erase the name from his mind. No! He would not think about Serina...

Well, what about Sheba, then? She had certainly shaken him far more than he liked to admit. He remembered her words as clearly as if they had just been spoken. It had been sections ago, aboard Baltar's Cylon fighter, just before they launched on that last mission. But it might have been only a centar ago...

"You really want to get yourself killed, don't you?" she had asked. "Ever since you lost Serina, you've taken every high-risk mission on the board."



Part of what she said was true. He had volunteered for every dangerous mission. He justified it to himself by saying that he honestly was the best-qualified pilot aboard the GALACTICA. But was there more to it than that? He didn't want to think so, but...

He remembered something else then. Count Iblis, and a barren planet where Iblis had sought Sheba's death. He didn't remember anything after challenging Iblis; there was a definite gap in his memory. But from what Starbuck and Sheba had told him of their memories, something very strange indeed had taken place. Had he really died on that planet? And if so, how -- and why -- was he alive now?

Apollo didn't have an answer. But the very idea of his death brought him back to the one subject he did not want to think about. And could not avoid.

Serina. Her death had been so pointless, so unnecessary -- and his fault. He should never have allowed her to go with him to the surface of Kobol. He could have prevented that. Just as he could have prevented her death...

"No, Apollo. There was nothing you could have done."

The quiet voice startled him. He knew it so well, had heard it again and again in his dreams ever since her death. Apollo opened his eyes, staring in bewilderment at what he knew to be impossible.

"Serina? But how...?" His voice shook, and he couldn't go on.

"Yes, Apollo. It's me." She regarded him silently for a micron. "I wanted you to know that I understand what you feel, the questions you've been asking yourself. And you mustn't feel guilty about what happened on Kobol. I was a Warrior, too. You could not have kept me from my duty, even as I could not keep you from yours."

"Serina, you can't..." He started to rise; her gesture stopped him.

"Apollo, I love you. And I would not willingly see you hurt. So I want you to understand -- really understand -- that you were in no way responsible for what happened."

"But..."

She interrupted him again. "Apollo, listen to me. Ever since Kobol, you've been facing a decision. For you, there can be only one choice. Too many people depend on you. Your family, your friends. The entire Fleet. Many of them love you, Apollo -- and they need you. For you, now, the choice must be life." She smiled. "Do you remember what I said to you? That even the brief time we shared would be worth an eternity? There is an eternity ahead of us, Apollo -- but not now, not yet." She



turned toward the door.

"Serina, wait. Don't go. I love you." He was unaware of his tears. "I need you."

She came to his side, brushed away the tears. "No, Apollo. You don't need me. Not any longer." Bending, she kissed him tenderly. "I'll always be close by, Apollo. And remember that my love for you cannot die. You'll have that forever, for all eternity."

He couldn't move, could do nothing to stop her. As suddenly as she had come, she was gone.

For a long time, Apollo lay with his eyes closed, thinking. She was right, of course; he knew that. Life was too precious a thing to be wasted. And yet -- could he really live without Serina? He wasn't sure...

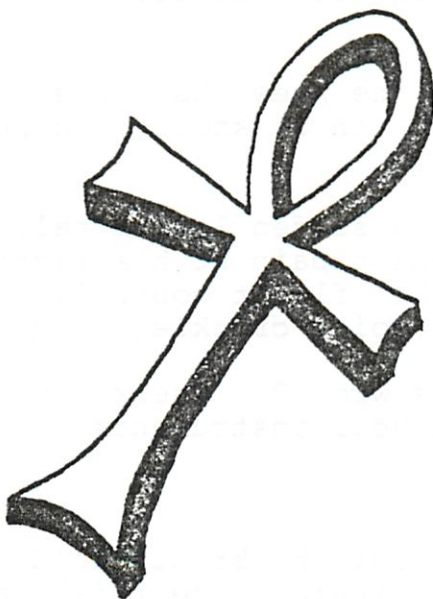
Suddenly, someone was shaking him, and he heard Starbuck's voice.

"Come on, buddy. We're on advanced patrol in just a couple of centons. Had you forgotten? Or were you planning to sleep right through it?"

Startled, Apollo came fully awake, then glanced at his chronometer. Lords, he'd been asleep for centars! And Serina -- he must have been dreaming, although he could not remember ever having had such a vivid dream before. He got to his feet, reached for his flight jacket.

"Starbuck, I just had the strangest dream. I thought Serina..." He broke off abruptly, his face suddenly very pale.

Starbuck, following his gaze, stared in amazement at the strand of long auburn hair that lay across Apollo's pillow.





## "The Only Choice"

(By Pat Beese)

"It's her body that's gone, not her spirit... We'll have that always." -- Apollo

Apollo was about as happy as he could be under the circumstances. This wasn't exactly deep star exploration, but at least it was an advanced patrol. Out of the corner of his eye, he could just see the nose of another Viper. Starbuck was his wingman, thank the Lords, and not one of those ten-day wonders they had been turning out aboard the GALACTICA. And, too, Starbuck had finally stopped his incessant chatter. He was probably thinking. Apollo sighed. That was certainly one thing they had in common -- they both did some of their best thinking out in space, alone, in the cockpit of a Viper.

The Lords knew that Apollo needed time to think. He had been upset ever since that encounter with Sheba just before he and Starbuck had invaded the Cylon base star. And then there was the dream he'd had. Or was it a dream? He wasn't sure. That strand of hair he'd found...

Sheba's words had shaken him badly. "You really want to get yourself killed, don't you? Ever since you lost Serina..." It was just possible that, without even being aware of it, he really did wish to join Serina as soon as possible.

That hurt. For a long time, he believed that he had managed to put Serina into a mental file marked "closed"; and yet, ever since Sheba had mentioned her name, Serina had been there, just behind his shoulder, wanting to come forward and take part in his life again.

Serina! Put very simply, he knew that he still loved her. The thought tied his stomach in a knot, and he closed his eyes against the knowledge.

Out of nowhere, there was a sudden loud metallic clang, the sound of tearing metal, and a sharp pain at his right temple. His hand closed convulsively on the flight control. The next thing he knew, Starbuck's worried voice crackled in his ear.

"Apollo? Apollo! What's wrong? Check your vectors! Apollo! You're off course! Check your instruments! Apollo!"

"St... Starbuck?"

Starbuck sat back and let out the breath he'd held unconsciously. Then he realized he was gripping the flight control so tightly



that his knuckles were white, and he slowly forced his fingers to relax, one by one. As long as Apollo answered, everything would be all right.

Apollo still had his eyes closed. The pain in his head was incredible, and he felt sick, dizzy. He raised his right hand and hit a long piece of metal lying across his shoulder. That must have been what slid up under his helmet and struck his head. He shoved the piece of metal aside, tried to ignore the pain, and slowly opened his eyes.

Apollo was being far too quiet, Starbuck thought. "Hey, Apollo. You okay?"

"Starbuck, what do you see?"

"What? What do you mean, what do I see?"

"Just answer me."

Starbuck shrugged. If Apollo wanted to know... "I see my instruments, the nose of my Viper, and a star field. Why?"

"That's what I thought." He hesitated. "Starbuck, I can't see."

"Say again, Apollo. You're breaking up."

"You heard me, Starbuck. I said I can't see."

There was a long pause, as Starbuck tried to assimilate Apollo's words. His mind tried to reject the thought. Then his instincts took over. He had a blind pilot to guide.

"Pull up on the stick, Apollo. We're off course. We're going to make corrections, and get you back to the GALACTICA." Somehow, Starbuck kept his voice calm. "Now, we're going to make a long, slow bank to the right. I'll be right on your tail. Slow and easy, buddy. Just like those training exercises back at the Academy." Starbuck watched his instruments carefully. "Just a little more, Apollo. Good! Hold it steady now! We're going home."

They were both silent for a few centons. Starbuck was trying to somehow force his will to fly Apollo's ship, and Apollo was trying to keep the Viper on a steady course -- and to keep from blacking out.

"Starbuck, what happened?"

"A meteorite the size of a triadball tried to punch its way through your canopy. It came up on my scanner so fast that I didn't have a chance to holler. When I saw your canopy still intact, I thought everything would be fine." Lords, he thought to himself, was I ever wrong! "At least we're not too far from the GALACTICA. We should be able to raise Core Control any centon now." He paused, checking his instruments again. "Bank just a



little more to the right, now."

Neither of them spoke for a long while. Apollo tried to maintain some measure of control over his ship, fighting to ignore the agony in his head. Starbuck was still trying to fly Apollo's Viper from his own cockpit. At last:

"GALACTICA, this is advance patrol. Viper Four. GALACTICA, this is Viper Four. Emergency priority. Do you read, GALACTICA?"

"This is GALACTICA Core Control, Viper Four. Go ahead."

"I've got a pilot coming in blind. Literally. You'll have to talk him in. Have a med crew standing by, and make sure that everyone is out of that landing bay." He didn't say anything more -- but he couldn't help thinking it. Apollo might be one of the best pilots in the Fleet, but odds still were that his Viper would crash, killing Apollo and probably taking out the landing bay as well. Unfortunately, there were no alternatives.

Core Control acknowledged his message. The two Vipers were cleared for emergency landing.

The next few centons were a real hell for Apollo. Every fiber of his concentration was on that flight control. Instructions flowed to him from Core Control, and he followed them as best he could. Then he heard someone yell, "Cut your power! Cut your power!" There was a terrific wrench, the shriek of more torn metal, then absolute silence. For a micron, he thought he hadn't made it. Then he was aware of pain again, and running feet, klaxons, the hissing of fire extinguishers, voices. Apollo relaxed -- right into unconsciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

He awoke in Life Center, lying in a bed, pain gone. He lifted a hand to his head and discovered that it was swathed in bandages. He heard a familiar voice.

"Welcome aboard, Captain."

"Cassiopeia?"

"Right the first time."

"Cassiopeia, what's wrong? Will I be able to see?"

"I don't know, Apollo." She sounded worried; her hand slid comfortingly around his. "I just don't know."

"I don't know, either." Another familiar voice -- Dr. Salik. "I'm just a doctor, not one of the Lords of Kobol. I do know that everything is where it belongs, and everything looks good. But we won't know anything for sure until the bandages come off, in about a secton."



"Starbuck's outside," Cassiopeia told Apollo. "He's been there ever since he landed. And your father is on the bridge. He's been calling us ever since you came in, wanting to know how you are and threatening to come and see for himself. He wanted to be notified just as soon as you came around. I'll send for them both."

"I'm going to keep you in Life Center overnight, Captain," Dr. Salik told him. "But tomorrow you can return to your own quarters. I know it's going to seem like a very long section."

\* \* \* \* \*

Apollo had been in his quarters for nearly a section now, except for brief trips to Life Center guided by Starbuck, Cassiopeia, or Boomer. He grimaced. At least he hadn't been bored; his friends had seen to that. But whenever he was left alone, his mind went back to that same problem. Serina, Sheba, death, life. Over and over. There were no easy choices, no matter what Serina had said...

He felt his way to a chair and sank down wearily, resting his head on the back of it, then fingered the bandages. At least there was no pain now; and tomorrow he would know for sure, one way or another.

"Serina." He sighed her name so that it was barely audible in the stillness. "Serina. Help me."

"Did you call me, Apollo?"

His head came up with a snap. "Serina? Is that you? But... I must be dreaming again. I must be..." His voice broke, and his hand shook as he reached out for her; but he could find nothing.

"It's me, Apollo. I understand what you feel, but there is only one choice. You must live. And, Apollo, remember -- love is a part of life, too."

He reached for her again. "Serina, don't leave me. I need you."

"No, Apollo," she answered softly. "You don't need me. Not now. You will make the right decision." There was silence for a centon, and Apollo thought she had gone. Then he heard her voice again, so softly that it was barely a whisper. "I love you, Apollo."

There was a silvery tinkle, and something small and cold fell into his outstretched hand.

"I love you..." Had she heard him before she left? Somehow, he knew she had.

Starbuck came a short time later, whistling cheerfully. He hadn't felt this good in sections. Cassie had told him Dr. Salik



would remove Apollo's bandages today. He checked in mid-stride. What if Apollo still couldn't see? Now, that was utter felger-carb! Of course, he'd be able to see. He had to be all right. Starbuck was whistling again as he sailed through the door to Apollo's quarters.

"Hey, Captain! Wake up! Is this any way to greet a junior officer?"

"Mmm... Serina?" Apollo reached out, not fully awake.

Starbuck froze. "What did you say, Apollo?"

Apollo shook his head. "Nothing. I must have been dreaming."

"Time to go to Life Center. And I think the Doc has a surprise for you. Hey! What's this?" Starbuck bent to retrieve a small silvery object from the deck. "I've never seen this before. But I think I've seen something like it... It looks like one of those things from the old writings. What did they call them? Oh, yeah, an ankh. Means 'life', doesn't it? Where'd it come from?"

Apollo turned white. His hand shook as he reached for the object Starbuck held. "Give it to me, Starbuck."

From the tone of his voice, Starbuck knew better than to ask any questions.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Apollo opened his unbandaged eyes, he saw them -- Adama, Starbuck, Cassiopeia, Boomer, Athena, and Sheba -- all looking worried. He smiled his best smile. "Hi. It's good to see you."

Happiness radiated from every face -- except Sheba's, that is. She cried. Apollo reached out and caught a tear on the tip of his finger. "Tears are a part of life, too," he said softly.

Sheba shivered, and then she wanted to laugh out loud. Life! There really was life in Apollo's voice. It was in his eyes, too. It was as though he had cleared some sort of obstacle...

Apollo smiled again. Sheba had shed those tears for him, for his happiness, his well-being. Perhaps he should get to know this lady better. After all, hadn't Serina told him that love was a part of life, too?

Life. Wasn't that the sign that Serina had left him? He looked for the first time at the silvery object he still held tightly in his hand. Well, he had his life, and he intended to live it, fully and completely. He really was ready now for anything life would throw his way. He had made the only possible choice.



"Reflections on Depth"

(by Pat Beese)

There's one who they tell me is shallow.  
But I question why they cannot see  
The small child who dwells there within him  
And calls so strongly to me.

How can they call a man shallow  
Who so deeply shares his friend's pain?  
Who'd take his friend's hands in the stars,  
Knowing home may not find them again?

How can they call a man shallow  
When tears are so ready to flow  
For his friend's return to mankind?  
Who the shallow ones are, I know.



## TRIVIA QUESTIONS

(How Well Do You Know BATTLESTAR GALACTICA?)

1. Name five (5) Colonial battlestars.
2. How many fighters land aboard the GALACTICA following the "peace conference"? How many of them were originally from the GALACTICA?
3. What does Siress Bellabee want in exchange for an energizer?
4. What armament does a Cylon base star carry?
5. Who is Bootlegger 137?
6. What is Thane's specialty?
7. Where are the GALACTICA's solium storage tanks?
8. What does "Terra" mean in Gemonese?
9. What was the largest city on Kobol?
10. Who escorts Baltar to the GALACTICA?
11. Name two (2) people who call Starbuck an optimist.
12. Who was Adama's wife?
13. How many men died trying to kill Red-Eye?
14. Who is the first pilot lost to the pulsar?
15. Who is Kyle's father?
16. What present does Cain have for Adama?
17. Who destroyed Count Iblis' ship?
18. On what deck is Blue Squadron billeted?
19. Where are Michael and Sarah from?
20. What is Apollo supposed to do on Terra?
21. When was the GALACTICA launched?
22. What is the bubble of the celestial chamber made of?
23. Who does the Council assign as Adama's civilian "aide"?
24. What battlestar did Kronus command?
25. Where does Adama order Tigh to look for Kobol?



26. According to Starbuck, who breaks into prison?
27. What does C.O.R.A. stand for?
28. Who is Tolan?
29. What is the red-line temperature of solium?
30. What is the final score of the triad game Boomer wins?
31. From what affliction does half of the garrison on Attila suffer?
32. What is the name of Michael's ship?
33. What award does the Council of the Twelve offer Adama?
34. How many digits on an Ovion "hand"?
35. What does Boxey accuse Starbuck of doing with his bet?
36. Who was Starbuck's predecessor as constable of Serenity?
37. What is the Cylons' favourite target aboard the GALACTICA?
38. Where does Starbuck go to escape the Nomen?
39. How many members of the Peoples' Nationalist Force does Starbuck stun?
40. Who sabotaged the defence computers on Caprica the night the Cylons attacked?
41. What is the GALACTICA's combat frequency? The Cylons'?
42. How many explosive charges are set to blow the GALACTICA's hull?
43. According to C.O.R.A., where does the Cylon fighter crash on Proteus?
44. Who was Kronus' aide at one time? Who is his present aide?
45. How many ergons did Ortega's body absorb? How many ergons were missing from Starbuck's laser?

Answers to these questions appear on the insert in this issue of "Purple and Orange".



## "A Gift from Caprica"

(By Ben Thomas)

The launch bay of the GALACTICA was a flurry of activity. An open elevator deposited Apollo and Starbuck on the deck of the launch area; as the lift came to rest, the two were climbing into their Vipers.

"Launch when ready."

Within microns, the Vipers were in deep space.

On the bridge of the battlestar, Rigel turned to Commander Adama. "Probe launched, Commander."

"Good. Good," he answered, adding to himself that he hoped his Vipers weren't chasing Cylons.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There it is," announced Starbuck.

"I see it," Apollo answered. "Let's see if they'll respond to communication." He reached out and pressed a button. "This is Flight Captain Apollo of the battlestar GALACTICA calling unidentified spacecraft. Please respond." He paused. "This is Cap..."

"Apollo!" Starbuck's surprised voice interrupted him. "You won't believe this!"

"Believe what, Starbuck?"

"That's an industrial class ship."

"Industrial class! But that's..." The ship passed beneath them. "By the Lords of Kobol, it is!"

"And, Apollo, its landing bay just activated. Do we board?"

"It sure looks like an invitation."

As the Vipers came to rest, twelve humans stepped forward. Apollo and Starbuck were stunned, for they recognized one of the dozen -- a long-thought-dead instructor from the Academy.

Starbuck started toward his former teacher. "Colonel Chiron! But we thought..."

"Yes," said the beaming man, "you thought we were dead." He



grabbed Starbuck in a bear hug. "But we managed to survive all this time in deep space."

"How could you have survived?" Apollo wanted to know. "It was difficult enough for the PEGASUS. But a lone industrial ship..."

"Apollo!"

"No, Starbuck. He's quite right to be curious." Chiron's voice was soothing. "After all, being alone in Cylon-filled space is rather difficult to contend with. But survive we did, Apollo."

\* \* \* \* \*

Excitement rose on the bridge of the GALACTICA as Apollo gave his report. Scanners searched the faces of the survivors.

"My God!" choked Rigel. "That's Anteros!" She ran to the command dais. "Commander!"

Adama looked down at her. "Yes, Rigel?"

"Commander, one of the survivors is Anteros!"

"Anteros?" He leaned over the rail. "You'll have to explain."

"My betrothed! I thought he died on Caprica!"

Adama smiled. "You have my permission to go to the landing bay, Rigel."

Without even a thank you, she turned and dashed from the bridge, still wearing her headset.

"Adama?"

He turned. "Yes, Tigh?"

"Can we trust them, Commander?" The PEGASUS episode was still fresh in his memory.

"I hope so, Colonel. I hope so."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ambrosia for everyone! It's on me!" bellowed Colonel Chiron.

The suggestion was accepted by everyone in the Officers' Club.

"You know, Colonel..." Starbuck began.

"We're closer than that, son. Call me 'Chiron'."

"Uh, Chiron," smiled Starbuck. "I guess I've always looked up to you..."

"You hated me!"



"Well, maybe during classes. But once they were over, well..."

"Then," finished Chiron, "my words finally pierced that thick skull."

Starbuck looked about as embarrassed as he ever could.

Apollo appeared from nowhere. "I hate to break up the party, Colonel, but Dr. Salik has informed me that you've failed to report for examination."

"Apollo..."

"Now, Starbuck. The Captain's right." Chiron glared at Apollo. "I have failed to report to Life Center as ordered. I will do so now."

Starbuck began to protest.

"No, Starbuck. I'll join you later. Apollo, I do believe you've changed since the Academy. You're getting to be just like your father." The man spun, leaving his remark hanging in the air.

Apollo sensed his friend's disquiet. "Starbuck?"

Starbuck turned his back on Apollo. "Don't bother me, Captain. I'm not on duty."

Apollo sighed. "Starbuck..."

But Starbuck had disappeared as only he could.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Anteros..."

It's been a long time..."

"A long time..."

"Well, girl, aren't you going to kiss me?"

Rigel flew into his arms, and their lips met. A long embrace later, they separated. She was crying.

"Rigel? What's wrong?"

"Oh, Anteros, it has been a long time. I thought you were dead." She looked at him. He was exactly as she remembered -- blonde, almost white hair, bright jade eyes, full red lips, cleft chin. She could feel the well-muscled body under her hands. Tears again. "When I saw you, I was so afraid you would have fallen out of love with me."

He smiled, a smile that melted all gloom. "That could never happen, Rigel. I'll always love you."

\* \* \* \* \*



"Well, Dr. Salik? What's the verdict?"

"You're fine. Absolutely perfect -- for a man over 150 yahrens old."

"And still keeping the girls running," Chiron boomed.

"I don't have any doubts," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Well, Doctor, any reason for me to stay?"

"None at all."

"Good! I have some people waiting for me in the Officers' Club." He turned starting from the room.

"A moment, Colonel."

Chiron stopped, turned back. "Yes, Doctor?"

"None of the rest of your crew has checked in, either."

"Really? Well, I'm sure they're in as perfect health as I am."

"No doubt, but still... Procedure, you know."

"Yes, Doctor. Of course. I'll make sure they report to you."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Omega..."

"What!?" The startled bridge officer spun to face a dazzling brunette. "Artemis! I thought I saw you among the survivors."

"Then why didn't you come to me? I thought I was special to you."

"Artemis, the problem is that you were special to everyone."

"Maybe so, Omega. But not everyone was special to me. You were the only 'special' one."

"Come now, Artemis." Disbelief was apparent in his voice.

"I've been faithful to you all this long while."

"You?"

"And it's been such a long time..." She moved closer.

"Oh, Artemis..."

"...So don't you think you could get off duty..." Her hand slid up his chest to rest on his shoulder.

"Ar... Artemis..."



"...for just a little while?" Her lips brushed his chin.

"I'm on duty, and..."

"And I'm quite sure," said a smiling Colonel Tigh, "that you can get off duty one centar early."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Starbuck!" pleaded Apollo. "Chiron's in perfect health. Now, can we stop all this?"

"Only if you apologize to Chiron."

"Starbuck, regulations say..."

"Cut the felgercarb, 'buddy'!"

"Now, Starbuck," Chiron interrupted. "I've heard that you two are the best friends in the Fleet."

"'Were' is more like it," spat Starbuck.

"Starbuck..." Apollo sighed, shaking his head.

"What happened to everything I taught you at the Academy? Apollo was only doing his duty. Now, you two stop this."

Starbuck turned to Apollo, his anger gone. "Friends?" he asked, extending his hand.

"Friends." He grasped the proffered hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Promise me, Ara!"

"I... I promise, Cepheus."

"Good. I'll see you soon, my Ara." Cepheus left the engineer to her job.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I... I just don't know, Anteros. So many people..."

"Rigel, you must see the logic. These people can't survive. And they will never find their 'shining planet'! Please, Rigel?"

There was a long silence. Finally she said, "All right, Anteros. I'll do what you ask."

"Good." He kissed her. "When it's over, you'll be happy. I promise you."

\* \* \* \* \*



Omega slept deeply. Beside him was a goblet of ambrosia, a goblet laced with a drug. Artemis would have his silence one way or another.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shuttle was ready to launch. Chiron turned to Anteros and said, "Get me Commander Adama."

"Yes, Colonel."

There was a brief pause, and then Anteros said, "Commander Adama, sir."

"Pipe it through."

"Colonel Chiron, how may I help you?"

"Just a thank you, Adama. My crew wants a last look at our ship, to return to the PLEIADES and pick up a few things, you know."

"Of course, Colonel. I understand."

"Thank you, Adama."

Chiron nodded, and Anteros cut the link. "Launch, Artemis."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rigel walked down the catwalk until she reached the component she was looking for. Stencilled across it in twelve languages was "WARNING! COMMUNICATION CORE. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." She reached out a hand and grabbed a lever; slowly she began to pull it down. Then, "No!" She pushed it back up and, turning, ran, stumbling, back along the catwalk, tears pouring down her face.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Captain Apollo!"

Apollo and Starbuck both turned to face the sobbing Rigel. She practically collapsed into Apollo's arms.

"Rigel, what's wrong?"

"Anteros!" she cried. "It's a trick! The survivors, Colonel Chiron and the others, they plan to blow up the GALACTICA!"

Apollo shook her. "What are you talking about?"

"The survivors... They've all talked people into sabotaging the ship. The GALACTICA will be destroyed in less than thirty centons!"

Apollo turned and rushed down the corridor, calling back over his shoulder, "Starbuck, stay with her!"



Starbuck was at Apollo's heels. "No way, buddy. I'm coming along."

\* \* \* \* \*

The two Vipers closed on the PLEIADES.

"Apollo, the landing bays are down."

"Fire a warning. I doubt they want their ship destroyed." Before Starbuck could obey the order, the bays activated.

Microns later, they were out of their Vipers and into the elevator. Apollo cautioned, "Low and to the side, Starbuck. They'll probably open fire immediately. Let's not give them a target."

As the elevator doors slid open, laser beams flooded the compartment. When the bombardment stopped, Apollo and Starbuck leaped out, firing.

Artemis and Anteros collapsed in an explosion of sparks and light.

"By the Lords of Kobol," whispered an astonished Apollo. "They were androids!" Then, out loud, "Come on."

They raced down the corridor until they came to an abrupt fork; each turned down a separate hall.

It was Apollo who met Chiron. The man seemed excessively calm.

"Colonel."

Chiron nodded. "Captain Apollo."

"Are you a machine, too?"

"Oh, I assure you, Captain. I'm quite real."

"Then tell me what's going on here."

"Baltar guaranteed me survival in exchange for cooperation. I accepted."

"That's not like the man I knew, Colonel."

"A lot of things changed at the peace conference, Apollo. When the GALACTICA pulled out and doomed the COLUMBIA to destruction, it was only luck that saved me. I escaped in a shuttle, only to be captured by the Cylons. I swore revenge that day, Apollo, against the GALACTICA and against your father!"

"For that, you'll doom the entire Fleet to death? You'll go down as the second worst traitor in the history of the Colonies!"

"In Colonial history, perhaps. In Cylon records, I'll be a hero."



"I can't let you do it, Colonel." Apollo's voice was like ice.

"You have no choice. I'll win, even in death." He paused.  
"Join me, Apollo. I can produce anyone you desire. Look!"

From behind a drapery came Apollo's wife, Serina.

"Oh, my Lord!" he whispered. "Serina?"

"Yes, Apollo." Her voice was a song. She was just as he remembered her -- beautiful, with long auburn hair, flashing eyes, wide mouth. "Apollo, come to me."

"And it's not just her, Captain. I can give you whomever you want. Zac, Ila, a copy of your father or your sister." Chiron smiled. "The possibilities are endless."

Serina glided to Apollo. She reached out and caressed him gently.

"But..." Apollo turned toward Chiron. "But she's not human. She's not real."

"She's as real as you want her to be, Apollo. She's made from a scan of your own brain. A brain scan -- and a willing Delta-class Cylon."

That was all it took. Images -- silver and black machines, red eyes flashing -- laser fire -- his wife falling, to die later in his arms. That was all it took.

Apollo's laser flashed, and the Cylon fell in a heap at his feet. "I'm sorry, Serina," he managed to whisper.

At that moment, Chiron crossed the room, with a speed Apollo would have thought impossible for a man his age. A laser was leveled at Apollo's head.

From behind them came an angry voice. "Drop it, Colonel!"

Chiron spun to face wrath. "Starbuck!"

"You betrayed us, Chiron; but you betrayed me most of all. I trusted you. You were the father I never had."

"Starbuck..."

"Why, Chiron? Why?" There was a profound stillness. Suddenly Starbuck dropped his weapon. "Kill me, too, Chiron. I won't live if the GALACTICA is destroyed."

Chiron threw his laser to the floor. "Get out! You're in great danger here! Go!"

"Come with us, Chiron," pleaded Starbuck.

"Go! The detonator is aboard the PLEIADES, and I can only deac-



tivate the explosive sequence from here. Go now!"

The two Warriors looked at one another. Apollo nodded, and they dashed for their Vipers.

As they climbed into their ships, Apollo said, "Good job, Starbuck."

"Just thank the Lords he took me at my word." He hesitated. "Apollo, are you all right?"

There was a heavy silence, then Apollo whispered, "No, I'm not." He paused a micron. "Let's go."

As the two Vipers sped away from the PLEIADES, Apollo said, "You know we can't just let them go. With a weapon like that, they could make a duplicate of anyone. As Chiron said, the possibilities are endless."

Suddenly the black of space was filled with brilliant light. When it cleared, the PLEIADES had vanished.

Apollo broke the silence. "Starbuck?"

There was no response.

"Starbuck?"

"Ye... Yes?"

"Are you okay?"

No answer.

"Starbuck?"

"No."

Neither man spoke the rest of the way back to the GALACTICA.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adama finished his journal entry: "And it is reported by my son, Captain Apollo, that Colonel Chiron had no idea his fellow survivors were Cylons in disguise, and that the Colonel destroyed the PLEIADES in order to save the GALACTICA. Let it be logged that Colonel Chiron died in the line of duty, as a hero."



"The Last Episode"  
(Pilfered from the ABC offices by  
Lisa Golladay):

The GALACTICA, following the mysterious coordinates given by the Ship of Lights, heads for an average-sized yellow star in one of the outermost arms of the galaxy. This may, at last, be the home of the legendary thirteenth colony, Earth. Unless it's another trap.

Apollo, Starbuck, and Boomer are on a reconnaissance mission when Adama sends them new orders. A revolt is brewing aboard the ENTERPRISE, an obscure ship at the rear of the Fleet. The Commander had sent Athena to check out the situation, but she got lost on her way to the shuttle. He wants Apollo and Starbuck to quell the rebellion; Boomer is to fetch Athena.

Apollo and Starbuck arrive at the shuttle only microns before Sheba -- too late to keep her from tagging along. Cassiopeia appears soon after, saying that they'll need a med-tech; she, too, climbs aboard. The shuttle is already spaceborne when Boxey and his daggit clamber from a cargo hold.

The GALACTICA shuttle is met by an armed guard. Hoping to elude capture, our heroes break and run in front of seventeen men armed with lasers. Amazingly, someone is hit. Boxey tumbles to the ground amidst a shower of sparks and bolts. The little boy is now a puddle of transistors and LEDs.

"Sorry, buddy," Starbuck tells his stunned friend as the group is led off by their attackers. "The real Boxey died on Carillon, but we just didn't have the heart to tell you, so we had Wilker make a mechanical boy. No hard feelings?" None.

The prisoners are taken to the ship's bridge, where they are met by a pot-bellied figure. "Hello," he says. "I'm Captain James T. Kirk of the Federation starship

ENTERPRISE."

"We have brought you here for your own good," the Captain continues, "to prevent the GALACTICA from ever finding Earth. With our great knowledge of space travel, we knew that your commander would never send anybody but you four on so important an expedition. Now, you're safe."

"From what?" demands Apollo.

"From Earth," a greenish figure with pointed ears replies. "If you ever reached Earth, the GALACTICA would be finished."

"But we're cancelled anyway," Starbuck complains.

"Cancelled, schmancelled," answers Kirk. "What about the paperbacks? The toys? The movies? The merchandising?"

"You mean," Starbuck muses, "we can earn more money by being off the air?" Exactly.

Back aboard the GALACTICA, the four travellers brief the Commander on their experiences. "Sorry about the kid, Apollo," Adama says. "Are you ready to scout for Earth now?"

"Earth!!" exclaims Starbuck, his eyes glazing slightly. "Quadrant Beta, section 8.95."

"Tangent 3.8877632, bearing 09," pipes in Sheba.

"Three stars down, then left at the supernova, two blocks south of the El," adds Cassiopeia.

Adama straightens. The weight of long exile lightens. "We'll send a reconnaissance probe immediately."

"Sure thing, dad," smiles Apollo. "Send Athena."





Daddy! I'm Confused!

How do you do, I'm Capt. James T. Kirk...

Listen Here, Sucka, Commander or no Commander I saw her first!

Nice Doggy.

Nice Lungs.

Nice EARS!

DAVE



WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?  
By Joy Harrison

This NorthAmerican issue marks the second appearance of "Purple and Orange." What was originally intended as a one-time effort to help save BATTLESTAR GALACTICA has grown into something its editors could never have anticipated, not even in what could literally be described as our wildest dreams. Those who doubt have only to refer to the credits on the back page of this issue; we have grown from a "staff" of two into a team of many. And there are others yet to be heard from.

"Purple and Orange" now has material available for several future issues; we'd like more. If any of our readers wish to contribute any sort of material -- stories, poetry, art, etc. -- please send it to us at our mailing address. If what we receive meets our standards, which we hope you'll agree are high, we'll be happy to use it. So please feel free to send us what you can; it will be appreciated. We do, of course, reserve the right to edit any written material...

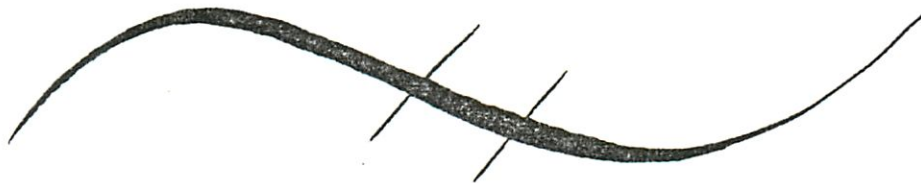
Meanwhile, let's not lose sight of our original purpose. By the time this issue appears, BATTLESTAR GA-

LACTICA will no longer be on the air. However, a presumably reliable source has informed us that several 90-minute GALACTICA specials are in the works. If their ratings warrant, ABC-TV (or perhaps one of the other networks) may reinstate the series at mid-season. According to Laurette Spang, interviewed August 3 on the MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW, contracts have already been signed for four (!) specials.

So let's work on it. After all, as of mid-April ABC didn't even intend to air GALACTICA reruns! We've accomplished a lot -- let's not stop now.

And please don't forget that we welcome your comments and suggestions. We'd like to add a "Letters to the Editor" page in future issues -- but if you don't send the letters, we can't print them.

The third issue of "Purple and Orange" is now being planned and will, we hope, be available at Windycon 6 in October. It will include more art, more fiction -- and hopefully good news. And maybe the real story of "purple and orange squadrons." Watch for it.



Fleeing from the Nielsen tyranny,  
the last battlestar -- GALACTICA --  
leads a rag-tag, fugitive fleet on  
a lonely quest -- a shining network  
known as....?



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## ANSWERS TO BATTLESTAR GALACTICA TRIVIA QUESTIONS

1. ATLANTIA, COLUMBIA, GALACTICA, PACIFICA, PEGASUS, SOLARIA, RIKON
2. 67 fighters, 25 of them the GALACTICA's
3. Adama
4. 300 fighters, two long-range megapulsars, over a hundred defensive laser turrets
5. Starbuck
6. alien environments
7. gamma section
8. "Earth"
9. Eden
10. Blue Squadron
11. Sheba and Aurora
12. Ila
13. 10
14. Cadet Bow
15. Megan
16. Apollo and Starbuck
17. "The Great Powers"
18. Beta deck
19. Lunar Seven
20. stop a war
21. over 500 yahrens ago
22. transparent tylinium
23. Siress Tinia
24. RIKON
25. in an elliptical orbit one to three parsecs from the star
26. nobody
27. Computer, Oral Response Activated
28. Commander Cain's aide aboard the PEGASUS
29. 70°
30. 15 - 4, in favour of blue
31. rust
32. Lunar Shuttle "Avion"
33. Star of Kobol
34. three
35. eating it
36. Constable Farnes
37. her landing bays
38. down a launch tube
39. nine
40. Karibdis (code name "Proteus")
41. GALACTICA - 6.97; the Cylons - 7.99
42. 12
43. "2.7 metrons east of the castle"
44. Adama; Charka
45. Ortega's body - 683.947182; Starbuck's laser - 683.947182